

Fragility

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Her reminder that life is almost overwhelmingly beautiful but that it is also tragically short.

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"Treat me as you see fit. I'll still protect you. It's my role after all."

Mako remembered those words so clearly, she could remember the hurt and pain in his voice as he spoke them. The pure emotion of the memory still shocked her as she walked to their place in silence, her head ready to drop from its raised position. She knew he would want her to raise her head high and be proud, but it was hard to do so when she came to this place. legs wanted to stop walking before she made it, but she knew she could collapse when she got there.

The wind brought the soft scent to her, and she knew she was close. Her hand tightened on her gift in her hands. She hoped that it would help her this time, but she could already feel tears build in the corners of her eyes.

She kept her eyes closed until she reached the top of the hill, and opened them only when the scent in the air grew stronger.

The cherry blossoms were in full bloom on the two trees resting at the cliff's edge. The two trees, entangled together by Mother Nature, had become both a place of calm and serenity, as well as a place of loss and remembrance. She slowly walked closer, the wind gently blowing loose blossoms toward her until two landed perfectly in her hair. She could feel his presence as she neared the trees, and her tears fell without sound. It hurt even though she knew she came here to reflect on what she had gained, and what she lost in time. Her legs shook as she finally came underneath the tangled branches of her trees, her knees collapsing under her as she fell at the foot of the only other object on the cliff.

She sobbed, unable to contain her pain, into the small wolf pendant necklace she made for him. As she looked up at his tombstone, his named etched in perfect English calligraphy, she felt her chest heave, and her sorrow swallowed her as it always did.

"I'm sorry I never said 'thank you', or ever treated you to the kindness I showed Ryuuko. I'm sorry... I'm so sorry, Ira!"

She felt a hand upon her shoulder as she slowly crawled up against the stone tombstone, leaning on to it and curling up on the spot that held him ten feet under the ground.

'You visiting me is thanks enough, Mako. Please... you do not need to cry anymore for me. I am where I always wanted to be...'

Mako covered her mouth as she felt warmth wrap around her, translucent fingers brushing away her tears. She rested her weary head on the ghostly shoulder that appeared behind her, his chin immediately tucking her head underneath his.

'With you, in my arms.'